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ALLEN GARDINER

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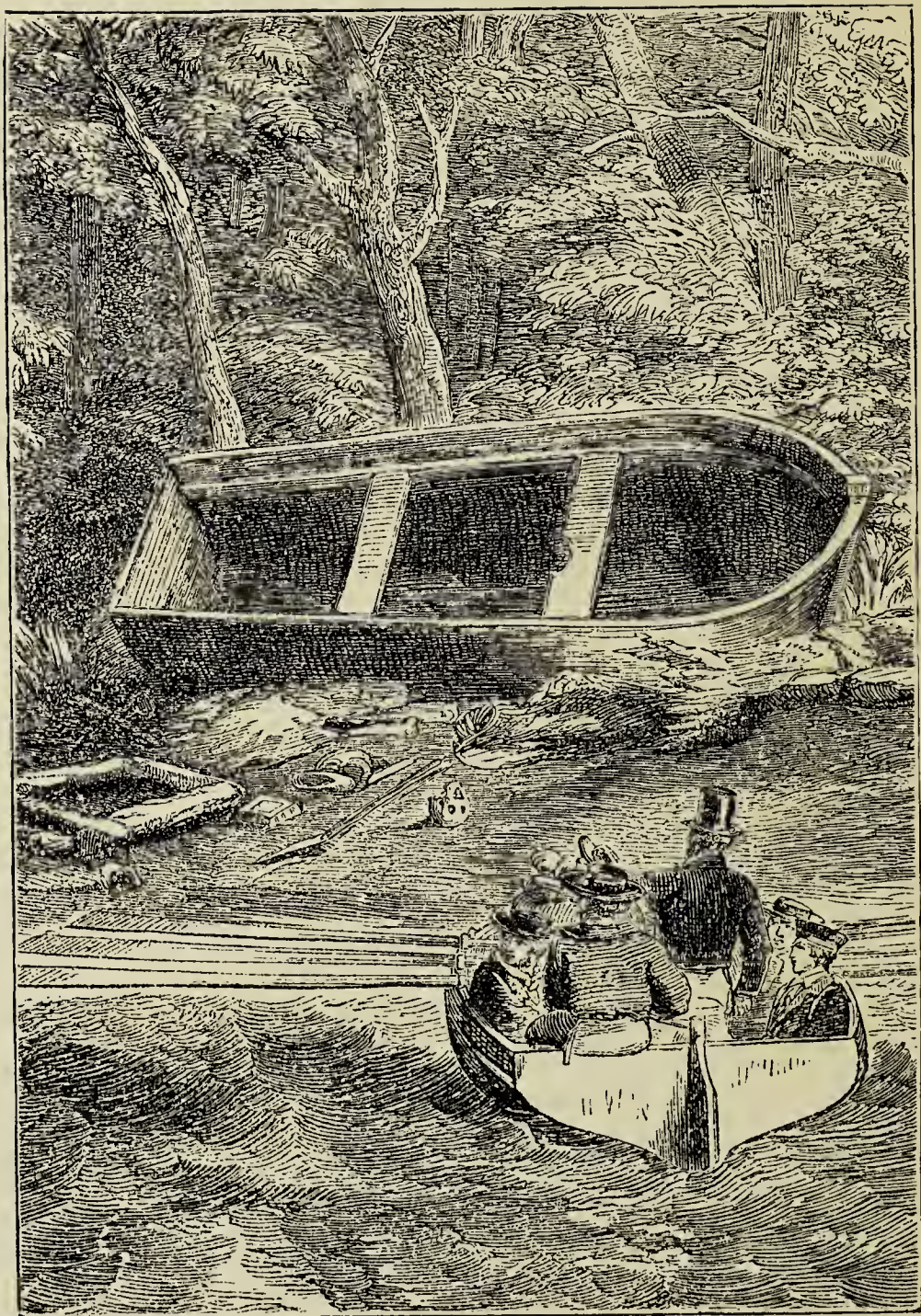
TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

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DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF CAPTAIN GARDINER.



# ALLEN GARDINER

IN

## TIERRA DEL FUEGO.




NATIVES OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

*Page 10.*

SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

*1 Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.*



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## ALLEN GARDINER.

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WELL equipped army, entering an enemy's country, is always provided with a party of *pioneers*. These are soldiers whose special duties are to make or repair bridges, level roads, and in short remove, as far as possible, all obstacles in the way of their comrades' advancing progress. Their operations may not make much figure in the reports of "special correspondents" and government telegrams, yet are indispensable to the success of the campaign.

Almost every great enterprise in science, commerce, or art has had its pioneers; men who have toiled and explored, invented and discovered, in advance of their fellows, sowing a harvest for others to reap. And this rule, in

the providence of God, holds equally true as to missionary enterprise. Such Christian pioneers, leading the way into unexplored fields of heathenism, are generally men of marked character, often in some respects what we consider eccentric. Called to special service, they have peculiar qualifications for it. They do work which cooler and wiser men could not undertake. Their adventures and experiences form much of the romantic portion of missionary history.

The name of Captain Allen Gardiner, a brave British officer, will ever be held in honoured remembrance as one of these heroes of missionary romance. His story, and that of his companions, when taken by itself, reads only like a sad tragedy; and as such, was at the time a great trial to the faith and hope of many Christians. But now, in the light of after-events, we can see clearly how God has brought good out of seeming evil, and that these brave, devoted men did not suffer and die in vain.

Allen Gardiner was born in 1794, in a bright, happy English home. From earliest years he showed the singular energy, ardour, and perse-



verance which marked all his life. "The boy was father to the man."

"From infancy," says his biographer, "he evinced a desire for travel and adventure, and so strong an inclination for the navy, that after some opposition on the part of his parents, they were induced to yield to his wishes....On one occasion, his mother going as usual into her children's nursery before retiring to rest, was surprised to find her son Allen asleep on the floor. On being aroused, the child gave as his reason for not being in bed, that it was his intention, when a man, to travel all over the world, and therefore he wished to accustom himself to hardships."

He entered the British navy at the age of sixteen, and served his country faithfully during many years. The religious instruction and impressions received in childhood from his pious parents were never quite forgotten, and while still a young man he became a decided Christian. Yet he considered himself to have only served the Lord "in a half-hearted way," until sad family trials led him to a more complete personal surrender. Beside the death-bed of his beloved wife, in 1834, he devoted himself,

heart and soul, to the missionary service ; and he nobly kept his vow—"faithful unto death." To become "the pioneer of a Christian mission to the most abandoned heathens" was henceforward the great aim of his life.

From this time he went through a constant succession of travels and adventures, with one grand object ever kept steadily in view. But in the few pages of this little book we can only sketch the story of his last enterprise.

He had married again, and during some years took his wife and children along with him on many long, perilous journeyings. After repeated disappointments in other countries, he was led to direct all his efforts towards the natives of South America. His attempts to reach the mountain Indian tribes were defeated by the jealousy of the Roman Catholic priests. We must pass over this portion of his history. At last he thought that not even the Spanish priesthood would consider it worth while to interfere with anything he might attempt among the poor savages at the desolate *southern corner* of this great continent ; and by beginning with them, he hoped he might reach the nobler races by degrees.

In 1830, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Fitzroy, on a Government expedition, had surveyed the coasts and bays of Tierra del Fuego, and persuaded three native lads, and a girl nine years old, to come with him on a visit to England. There they were kindly treated, and found capable of learning a good deal. A year after, they were taken back to their own land by Captain Fitzroy, accompanied by Mr. Matthews, a pious catechist, who hoped to remain as a missionary. But a very few days' trial proved that it would be dangerous for him to remain among the wild savages; and so he returned to the vessel, and all thought of missionary work in this quarter was abandoned, until Captain Gardiner took it up. His plan was to try and discover any of the travelled natives who might still be alive, especially the lad who had been called Jemmy Button, in whom he hoped to find a friend and interpreter, if he had not forgotten all his English.

This seemed a hopeful idea; but great and sore discouragements were still to be encountered. None of the regular missionary societies would take up Gardiner's scheme; and even after he had, with much labour, succeeded in

forming a "Society for Missions in South America," with a small committee of management, the needful funds were not forthcoming. Here is an extract from Gardiner's Memoir:—

"There seemed to be an infatuation on the subject of South America. While efforts to spread Christianity in other parts of the world were carried on with vigour, all animation died when South America was but hinted at. All with one consent began to make excuse; eyes filled with dreamy somnolency at the prospect, and collective voices seemed to say with a soft murmur, It is the natural inheritance of Pope and Pagan,—let it alone....

"The vigour with which Captain Gardiner followed out his convictions, is a lesson to us all. Hesitation was a quality which he did not understand. With a frame of iron, and nerves that never flinched from fatigue or danger, he broke with dauntless vehemence through every difficulty that beset his path. He was always ready to meet the attacks of friends or foes, listening and replying to opposing arguments, but never turned from the object before him....If he found it difficult to urge the committee forward, they found it



impossible to keep him back; nothing could stop him. He travelled over England and Scotland to make known his plans and ask assistance. Very many persons, in all ranks of life, remember with lively interest the time when they first saw and heard the untiring Captain Gardiner plead for the natives of Tierra del Fuego. He came and went like a vision of the night, but the impression made by his visit remained. Many felt ashamed of their own indifference....Many individuals admired and assisted the man who had vowed himself to the service of our Saviour in South America. Few organized associations gave their systematic support."

"The outline of South America," writes Dr. J. Hamilton, "may be compared to a paper kite; and, like a kite, there is attached to its apex a jointed tail, of which Fuegia and the South Shetlands are the only fragments seen above water....As seen on a schoolroom map, this Tierra del Fuego is a dim islet, deriving its chief importance from its famous headland, Cape Horn. On nearer inspection, however, we find a cluster of islands, one very large, with a crowd of smaller attendants to the west

and south....Though only the fag-end of America, if we had it in Europe, Tierra del Fuego would be a country of some consideration. Its second-rate islands are larger than the Isle of Wight or Isle of Man, and the surface of its mainland is equal to the Lowlands of Scotland. Its climate, however, renders it one of the most dreary and inhospitable regions on the face of the globe. In a latitude corresponding to Edinburgh, the sky seldom clears, and the rainy squalls of summer are the only relief from the sleet and snow of the winter. A calm sunshine is a great rarity....The ferocious wind is capable of overturning almost any obstacle....The inhabitants of the Fuegian Archipelago are South American Indians,... not only the nearest neighbours, but undoubtedly of the closest kindred, to the Patagonian inhabitants of the adjacent continent; but they are intellectually and physically inferior to these. Many of them have trunks proportionate to a six-foot stature, but their indolent squatting existence has dwarfed their limbs. Their colour is something between dark copper and brown. Captain Fitzroy compares it to 'very old mahogany.'...Like their bodies.

their heads are large, with long jet-black hair hanging straight down on either side. The forehead is very low,...the black eyes are oval,...the nose is not handsome,—flat and thick, with large nostrils, supported by a mouth of great width....Their clothing is scanty, but by the same providential arrangement which coats the whale in frozen seas with blubber, the Fuegian, inside his skin, wears a thick underclothing of non-conducting fat.... Nothing can be more wretched than their habitations.

“Shameless greed and systematic thieving are universal vices. Nothing escapes their little glancing eyes, and but for the utmost vigilance nothing would escape their active fingers. Once and again they proved too cunning for the watch of a man-of-war.... Traces of gentleness and tenderness may be found among the women; but the mercies of the men are cruel. On the slightest provocation, the roguish simper can change to a scowl of fiendish ferocity; and when exasperated or brought to bay, they fight with more fury than wild beasts. The men are surly tyrants, the women laborious slaves.”

Such were the people for whose sake Allen Gardiner was willing to "spend and be spent," giving up all the attractions of country and home. His first attempt proved a complete failure, the details of which we have not space to relate. He and several devoted companions were landed on one of the small islands, with a tent, materials for a wooden house, and stores and provisions to last six months. But in a very few days, the conduct of the natives showed the missionaries that to remain on land was impossible. Mercifully, the vessel which had brought them was still within hail, and they were thus saved. After a tedious voyage (for the ship was bound for Peru), Captain Gardiner returned to England, "perplexed, but not in despair." Of course, the home Society was greatly discouraged and downcast; but not so the brave missionary. Having learned by sad experience, he now felt convinced that the missionaries to Tierra del Fuego, instead of building a house on land, must for some time have a *floating home*,—a comfortable vessel, moored in some safe bay, from which they might visit the natives on shore without exposing them to the temptation of plundering



their furniture and provisions. The chief stores, he thought, should be kept on one of the Falkland Islands, under British protection; and here he hoped also to settle his own family.

But the English public and the South American committee were so completely discouraged, that Gardiner found it impossible to raise money enough for a suitable vessel. At last, after much trial of faith and patience, he persuaded his committee, that although they could not get funds to purchase a large vessel, the attempt might be made in two decked-boats, about twenty-six feet long, which could carry the stores, &c., and two smaller boats attached, to enable the missionaries at any time to go on shore. In order to carry out even this plan, the committee insisted on having at least £1000. A generous Christian lady in Cheltenham gave £700; Gardiner himself gave £300 at once, to remove all excuse for further delay.

Three Cornish sailors, Christian men, accustomed to stormy seas, readily offered themselves for the enterprise, though plainly warned of its dangers. The ship carpenter who had gone

with Captain Gardiner before volunteered again, saying, that "to be with *him* was like a heaven upon earth, he was such a man of prayer." Two men out of several volunteers were chosen as catechists, Mr. Maidment and Mr. Richard Williams. The latter was a very interesting person, a surgeon in good practice at Burslem, who, having been recently converted in a remarkable way, from ardent love to his Saviour and desire to be wholly devoted to his service, gave up all earthly hopes in order to carry to the heathen the "glad tidings" which had brought peace and joy to his own soul.

These seven brave men sailed from Liverpool, after being commended to God at a farewell service in Bristol, on September 7, 1850, in the *Ocean Queen*, a vessel bound for San Francisco, which promised to land them, with their boats and stores, at Tierra del Fuego. They took with them provisions for six months, and arranged that more should be sent by the next opportunity.

"Those who witnessed their departure will never forget their determined bearing, as they uttered their last farewell to the land of their

birth. Seven warm hearts parted on that day from all that they loved. But they were not depressed; they were cheerful and happy. It was not the cheerfulness of resignation, but the cheerfulness of brave men who have coolly made up their minds to dare anything for Christ's sake.

“As Gardiner entered the *Ocean Queen*, the captain and crew marked the resolute air, the upright, manly form, the bronzed countenance, the quick and penetrating eye, of the man inured to danger and fatigue; they marked the kind, cheerful expression of Richard Williams, the observant, thoughtful look and open brow of John Maidment; they saw the faithful Erwin following the man he loved and admired; and, lastly, the three frank, brotherly, Cornish fishermen, Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant, who had worked together as fishermen, and lived together as Christians. They saw before them the material from which men are chosen for a forlorn hope. England never fails to find men ready for *that* desperate service. Men are to be found also, when the cause of Christ requires it, ready to face the greatest danger at his bidding.”

Looking at a large map of South America, we see that, besides the large triangular-shaped island of Tierra del Fuego, there are a number of smaller islands to the south and west. Staten Island, an uninhabited mass of rocky hills, lies east from the southern point; and a stormy channel—Strait le Maire—lies between, through which the *Ocean Queen*, in the beginning of December, with difficulty sailed, while the missionaries had a full view of their adopted country, and even the cheerful Richard Williams writes: "Surely Fuegia is the land of darkness, a scene of wild desolation; both land and climate agree in character—the one frowning and desolate, the other black and tempestuous....The men have been sadly harassed at their duties ever since we have in sight of this land of storms. Exposed to drifting snowsqualls, and huge seas like cascades pouring their volumes of water upon them, their plight has been truly pitiable; and they, as well as every one else, have been anxiously expecting to get to Banner Cove."

This last was a quiet anchorage between Staten and some smaller islands to the west. The *Ocean Queen* anchored in Banner Roads



on December 5th. The missionaries landed immediately, and looked about for a place suitable to set up their tents. The two boats were so crowded and uncomfortable, that Captain Gardiner was anxious to try once more living on shore. He fixed on a spot in Garden Island, and, with the assistance of the ship's crew, the stores, &c., were carried over; and in a very few days something like comfortable dwellings were got ready for the mission party. Alas! a party of natives quickly discovered them, and behaved in such a rude and threatening manner, evidently determined by force to plunder everything, that, as the *Ocean Queen* was still within reach, Gardiner felt it necessary to take refuge in her again for some days, with all their possessions, and make preparations for keeping in the boats all the stores, and whatever the natives were most likely to covet.

On the 18th December the missionaries were again landed, and built a wigwam of trees near the beach, with the boats moored close at hand. They took farewell of their kind sailor friends, and wrote wonderfully cheerful letters to dear ones in England. The ship set sail, and was

soon out of sight. In due time she arrived in England, and the friends and families of the brave missionaries received their despatches, and tried to hope the best. Long and anxiously they waited for the *next letters*, but in vain !

From this time the story becomes so sad, that it is painful to go on ; but the journals of Gardiner and Williams, preserved almost by miracle, enable us to follow out the whole. Misfortunes and disasters rapidly succeeded each other.

As soon as the *Ocean Queen* was gone, Gardiner divided his party between the boats (called the *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*), and set sail in search of some harbour on the north coast of the channel, where he might safely conceal the heavy stores, and get the boats made more comfortable for sleeping in, and also repair a leak discovered in the *Pioneer*. On this little voyage they met with many misfortunes. The sea was rough and the wind high ; the heavily laden boats could not be rightly managed ; they got separated from each other, and had at last to return to Banner Cove, with the loss of an anchor and of *both* the small boats for landing. A second voyage was equally unsuccessful. At

last, in the old cave on Garden Island, they concealed as many provisions as they could spare, and began to repair the *Pioneer*.

They had been greatly alarmed, a few days before, when left aground by the ebb tide, by a number of natives appearing, and threatening violence. The missionaries, advancing to meet them with guns in their hands, kneeled down and implored the protection of the Saviour, and that he would spare them the painful necessity of injuring, in self-defence, the poor heathens whom they had come to benefit. The natives seemed awe-struck at this scene; they accepted some presents in a friendly manner, and went away without doing any harm.

But now came a terrible discovery. While unloading the *Pioneer*, in order to repair the leak, they found out that almost the whole of the powder and shot, by a lamentable, fatal oversight, had been left on board the *Ocean Queen*! Thus they were alike without the means of self-defence, and of obtaining supplies of food. Captain Gardiner had reckoned far too securely on their being able to shoot game of various kinds, and had provided too little of animal food in laying in his stores.

They found much greater difficulty also than they had expected in taking any of the fish with which these seas abound. So, in a climate requiring for Europeans a most nourishing and strengthening diet, they were left almost wholly dependent on meal, rice, and such things.

Then came a weary time—beating about among the islands, alarmed by every indication of the approach of the very people for whose sake all this misery was encountered. Yet, while thus exposed to dangers alike on sea and land, the journals express perfect resignation, pious trust, and joy in the Lord.

“I applied the golden key,” writes Williams, “to heaven’s treasury, and with it opened the storehouse of God’s exceeding great and precious promises....What I saw and felt of Christ’s love, no tongue can tell. Heaven was begun below....This day has been, I think, the happiest of my life....During the evening had a very sweet season with the men in prayer; each one, after the good old Methodist fashion, praying. The Spirit of God was with us, and we sang together with heart and voice.”

The end of January found the party in Spaniard Harbour, on the east coast, between



Picton and Staten Islands. Here, on the night of the 31st, a terrible gale came on, which made a complete wreck of the *Pioneer*; so that all that could be done was to haul her up on the beach, and make a sleeping-place of the broken hull, with the help of their tent. Next night a storm of snow made them glad to seek shelter in the far end of a large cavern.

“ Having lighted a fire near the entrance of the cave, after refreshment and prayer we committed ourselves to God, as to a faithful Creator. In spite of wet clothes, and in spite of all apprehensions, we managed to get a sound night’s rest. The roar of the water, as it washed through the archway of a huge rock at one of the sides of the cavern, and met with another army of waves from the opposite side, and then, in a mighty struggle against each other, heaving and foaming, came bellowing into our cave,—this roar of the water disturbed me now and then; and the thought that, like some voracious animal, it was almost upon us, just occurred to me. But it could not drive away sleep from my eyes, for I was at peace with God, and had hope in him.”

Thus crippled in every way, having only one

boat available for deep water, and no smaller ones in which to land from her, Captain Gardiner decided that the best plan was to remain where they were until the vessel which they expected from England or the Falklands should come to their assistance. The possibility of relief *not* coming soon seems never to have occurred to any of the party.

“Our plan of action now,” writes Williams, “is to ‘rough it,’ through all the circumstances which it shall please God to permit to happen to us, until the arrival of a vessel; and then to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falklands, there to learn their language; and when we have acquired it, and got a vessel the necessary size, to come out again and go amongst them....To attempt to sojourn amongst them before the language is known would be to run in the face of certain destruction, and to tempt Providence, as much as to run under a falling wall or to leap over a precipice and expect safety.”

It was a fatal resolution. Their only hope would have been in straining every nerve to reach the Falklands at once. It does seem remarkable that Gardiner, whose general fault

was impatience and rashness, should in the greatest crisis of his life have apparently erred from timidity and over-caution. We must look to the will of God in the whole affair ; it is the only comfort.

Soon after this decision, all power for active exertion was at an end. Mr. Williams first was taken very ill with something like rheumatic fever ; and then all the others, except the “iron-hearted” captain himself, became more or less prostrated by that sad and painful disease, the scurvy, in consequence of exposure and unsuitable food.

It is affecting to read, in Williams’s simple records, such entries as the following :—

“ *March 17th.* Goodness and mercy follow me—yea, abundantly so ; and my heart rejoices in God my Saviour. Bodily, I am in a poor, weak state, having been getting worse for some days past....Indeed, we are all in a very weak condition. How we are brought low ! But thou, O God, hast the ordering of all things ; wise and good are all thy ways. Thy will be done, O God ; and blessed for ever be thy holy name !

“ *19th.* Situated as we are, it is impossible

to obtain the means necessary to my recovery, such as animal food and wine. How needful is it that a vessel should speedily arrive ! But God will order all things,—of this I am fully sure ; and with joy and assurance I can yield myself into the Lord's hand, without a care possessing my breast as to when or how he will provide.

“ *24th.* I now am wholly confined to my bed....The Lord does ‘ make all my bed in my sickness.’...I am happy, very happy, and not a moment sits wearily upon me. Sweet is the presence of Jesus ; and oh, I am happy in his love !”

Williams rallied, however, for the time ; and the party managed to reach Banner Cove again, where they recovered the provisions they had buried on Garden Island, and left intimations to direct the longed-for vessel where to find them. They buried several bottles in various places, with boards of wood above them on which were written, “ Look underneath !” Within each bottle was a written paper : “ We are gone to Spaniard Harbour....We have sickness on board. Our supplies are nearly out, and if not soon relieved, we shall be starved.” They also

painted on the rocks, in two places, the words —“ You will find us in Spaniard Harbour.”

After a fresh alarm from a party of natives, the missionaries again escaped, and reached their last harbour of refuge; “ the only place,” says Williams, “ where there is rest for the soles of our feet. And there [in Spaniard Harbour] we shall remain, as far as we can tell, till a vessel comes to our relief.”

Hope still sustained them; but weary must have been the sickness of hope deferred! Gardiner and Mr. Maidment, it was agreed, should live in the wreck of the *Pioneer*; while Mr. Williams—now again very ill—with the other men, should remain in the *Speedwell*, which was moved to a small sheltered cove, about a mile and a half distant. Thus the sufferers were separated in two parties; but no better arrangement seemed possible.

The story becomes more and more painful. Sickness increasing, provisions diminishing, and winter—the winter of *such* a country!—fast approaching. Frightful storms of wind and snow began in April, and the sufferings of the party in the *Speedwell* became peculiarly trying. Yet the journal records:—



“ *April 18th*....Poor and weak though we are, our abode is a very Bethel to our souls, and God, we feel and know, is here.” After mentioning the way provisions were failing, and the much-needed stimulants nearly exhausted:—“ We look at each other, and say, ‘ The sooner gone, the sooner the ship must come.’ The captain, who happily continues well, but unaccompanied by Mr. Maidment who is suffering, came and held service to-day (Good Friday) with us....This night we have a hard frost, which covers the roof above my head with its hoary frost-work.—*May 1st*. We have had the snow falling day by day, covering all around with its white mantle ; and with this a daily succession of fearful storms of wind.”

Many more deeply interesting extracts might be given, did our space permit. Gardiner and Maidment were driven one night by a terrible storm from their frail shelter, to seek more safety in a neighbouring cavern. They trembled for the fate of their companions in misfortune. Every method available was tried to catch game or fish, but with small success. It seems wonderful how life was sustained at

all, in such circumstances of suffering and privation.

The sailor John Badcock was the first of the party mercifully released. He lay alongside of Mr. Williams, in the dark, close cabin of the *Speedwell*. When sensible that death was near, he called on his companions to join in singing the old Methodist hymn,—

“ Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears!  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears.  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands.”

The dying man sang on to the end of the hymn, and a few minutes afterwards expired.

Mr. Williams grew weaker and weaker, and seems gradually to have become aware that the still-expected “ship” would arrive too late for his relief. The journal contains affecting farewells to beloved friends at home. “Weep not for me,” he writes; “let no mourning thought possess your hearts, nor sigh of sadness escape your lips. Say rejoicingly, ‘How good was the Lord! how greatly was he blessed of God! And he is gone to be with Jesus!’ There you, my beloved ones, all of you, will

shortly meet me, will you not?...Ah, I am happy day and night, hour by hour! Asleep or awake, I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to describe."

Early in July, we read that the store of provisions in the *Pioneer* consisted of "half a duck, one pound salt pork, one pound tea, one pint rice, two cakes of chocolate, four pints of pease, and *six mice*." After this time, all had to live in a great measure upon mussels and limpets, or a sort of edible sea-weed.

On August 23rd, Erwin the carpenter died, and John Bryant a few days after. Captain Gardiner was now confined to bed, and Mr. Maidment hardly able to walk. He never rallied from the fatigue of burying unaided his two comrades.

The brave Gardiner himself was probably the last survivor. He had made a great effort to reach his dying friend Williams; but his strength failed before going a short part of the way, and he returned to the *Pioneer*, to leave it no more. There he penned long farewell letters to his wife, son, and daughter, full of wise and loving counsels; expressing, in regard to himself, unclouded joy in the Lord, and per-

fect resignation to his holy will; but earnestly imploring that the mission to Tierra del Fuego might not be abandoned, and sketching out a plan for future operations,—the very one afterwards acted upon.

On September 3rd, he records, in pencil, that Mr. Maidment had left him the day before in search, no doubt, of food, but in a very exhausted state, and had not returned. "I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body, or enjoying the presence of the gracious God, whom he served so faithfully." Next day he adds: "There is now no room to doubt my dear fellow-labourer has ceased from his earthly toils, and joined the company of the redeemed in the presence of the Lord. Under these circumstances, it was a merciful providence that he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body."

The last entry is September 5th: "Great and marvellous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without any feeling of hunger or thirst."

Here the journal ends; but one note was

found, dated a day later, written in the belief that Williams still survived:—

“MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday, at noon, and has not since returned; doubtless he is in the presence of the Redeemer, whom he served so faithfully. Yet a little while, and, through grace, we may join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ to all eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food,—marvellous loving-kindness to me a sinner!—Your affectionate brother in Christ,

“ALLEN F. GARDINER.”

And thus we may believe that this noble spirit was gently released at last, spared the usual pangs of actual starvation. Surely the angels rejoiced, and “all the trumpets sounded for them on the other side,” when Gardiner and his devoted companions passed out of their “great tribulation” into the heavenly rest.

Owing to strange mistakes and delays, it was the end of October before the long-looked-



for vessel from Monte Video reached the fatal coast. Then, following the directions written on the rocks, the *Speedwell* was found, with one dead body on board and another on the shore, while books, papers, &c., lay scattered around. The captain and sailors "cried like children at the sight." Just then a violent gale arose. The captain dared not stay to examine further, but put out to sea at once, carrying the sad news to Monte Video. By this time friends in England, greatly alarmed, had applied to Government for help, and the frigate *Dido* had been sent to search out the lost missionaries, reaching the coast in January. Guided by the writings on the rocks, the officers soon completed the sorrowful discoveries. They saw on a rock the verses, Ps. lxii. 5-8, with the drawing of a hand, pointing to the spot, where the wreck of the *Pioneer* and the bodies of Gardiner and Maidment were found. They reverently collected all the remains of the faithful martyrs, and after reading the beautiful Burial Service of the English Church, buried all in one grave beside the *Pioneer*, and returned to the *Dido*. They lowered her colours, fired three volleys,

as in honour of an officer's funeral, and left the fatal shores.

How wonderful the providence which had preserved the letters and journals! Surely the Lord had "given his angels charge concerning them!" Neither plundering natives nor raging storms had been suffered to destroy these fragile, precious records. And who can read them without feeling the *reality* of Christian faith and hope; without desiring that such faith, such peace, such "joy in believing" may be his or her own, in life and in death?

The heroic death of Gardiner and his companions accomplished what in life they had failed to do. The Christian public of England, almost stunned at first by the deplorable tidings, soon resolved that the dying wishes and prayers of the martyrs should not have ascended to heaven in vain. The last directions of Captain Gardiner were acted upon; and now (1878) a Christian mission is safely established in Tierra del Fuego, and the South American Missionary Society is rapidly extending its agencies over many regions of the great continent, where "generations yet unborn" shall bless the name and the memory of ALLEN GARDINER.

## CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER'S PRAYER

As he lay dying of starvation at Spaniard Harbour,  
September 1851.

"I trust poor Fuégia and South America will not be abandoned. Missionary seed has been sown here, and the gospel message ought to follow. If I have a wish for the good of my fellow-men, it is that the *Tierra del Fuégo Mission* might be prosecuted with vigour, and the work in South America commenced."

"Grant, O Lord, that we may be instrumental in commencing this great and blessed work; but shouldst thou see fit in thy providence to hedge up our way, and that we should even languish and die here, I beseech thee to raise up others, and to send forth labourers into this harvest."

"*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*"—  
JAMES V. 16.

Address by a CHRISTIAN FUÉGIAN, given March 1887, on  
the Death of his Wife and Child. Communicated by Mr.  
Lawrence.

After opening the service in the usual manner, he rose and spoke, in the Fuégian tongue, as follows:—"You all know what a great affliction God in his wisdom and providence has permitted to befall me. I know it is his divine will, and therefore, though sorrowful, I humbly and hopefully submit. . . . But I sorrow not as one without hope. I know in whom I can and do trust; it is the Almighty, who is able to do all things, and only permits that which is for our future and eternal happiness. I am thankful to be able to say, that though she was afflicted for many weeks, she was happy in prospect of meeting her Saviour and seeing him in whom she believed. I am sure she is now happy in heaven in his holy presence, where there is joy without any sorrow, because there is holiness and perfection without any sin. And I believe that hereafter I shall meet her again in God's heavenly kingdom. She is gone there only a short time before us. Our Father knows when we shall follow. If we love our Saviour now, and believe in his finished work of redemption, the Holy Bible, which is God's word, tells us we shall be saved. We all know how great the contrast is now compared with the past, having teachers who have taught us about the great God who made all things, and his Son Jesus Christ the only Saviour of sinners. How thankful we ought to be, when we remember that once we were without the knowledge or the least idea of any higher being than ourselves. Then we were without any hope of everlasting life, which is freely given to all who will receive it."

# SPEECH OF THE RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, D.D.,

IN PRESIDING AND MOVING THE ADOPTION OF THE REPORT  
AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF

THE SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

April 30, 1886.

THERE still remains this great part of the earth's surface, the whole of South America. Until the South American Missionary Society came into existence about thirty-three years ago, it was wholly left out in the cold, was visited by none, was cared for by none. The two great societies had indeed already enough upon their hands. There was no question about that. They must always follow the leadings of Providence, as it were, and send their missionaries where they got openings; and it had not occurred to them, nor had there been any opening for them, to do anything in South America at all. But you may fairly say now that the mission field of the world, as far as the Church of England is concerned, has been occupied by three societies. There is the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, there is the Church Missionary Society, and there is this South American Missionary Society. It stands by the side of the other two to do precisely the same work, and the extent of territory that it covers is so considerable that it might very well—if only it were better known, and if only men were more attracted to the work—it might very well occupy a very large space in the consideration of Christians here in England, side by side with those two societies which we generally speak of as the two great missionary societies, and as if they stood alone. This Society is no doubt very small in comparison with them. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has gone on now for nearly two centuries. The Church Missionary Society has gone on for nearly a century. The South American Missionary Society is in its infancy as compared with them. It has gone on for little more than thirty-three years—a third of a century. *Nevertheless, there is a great work for it to do, and if we are to send missionaries from this country to do the Lord's work in other countries, it is quite clear that this Society has precisely the same kind of claim which the other two societies are constantly pressing upon us. We are told to preach the gospel to every creature. We cannot leave out a great continent like South America if we are to obey that command. I wish it were far better known than it is, because I do not think it has yet laid hold of the mind of the people at large. What is to be said? There is not the money that is needed. I trust that efforts will be put forth to make known the Society everywhere, that everywhere success will attend them, and that the funds needed will be raised.*



## M R. D A R W I N

AND

## The South American Missionary Society.

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“BOURNEMOUTH, April 24, 1885.

“SIR,—I will give you a correct statement of the connection between the South American Missionary Society and Mr. Charles Darwin, my old friend and shipmate for five years. I had been closely connected with the Society from the time of Captain Allen Gardiner’s death, and Mr. Darwin had often expressed to me his conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuégians, probably the very lowest of the human race. I had always replied that I did not believe any human beings existed too low to comprehend the simple message of the gospel of Christ. After many years—about 1869—he wrote to me that the recent accounts of the mission proved to him that he had been wrong and I right in our estimates of the native character, and the possibility of doing them good through missionaries; and he requested me to forward to the Society an enclosed cheque for £5, as a testimony of the interest he took in their good work. On January 30th, 1870, he wrote: ‘The success of the Tierra del Fuégo Mission is most wonderful, and charms me, as I always prophesied utter failure. It is a grand success. I shall feel proud if your Committee think fit to elect me an honorary member of your Society.’ On June 6th, 1874, he wrote: ‘I am very glad to hear so good an account of the Fuégians, and it is wonderful.’ On June 10th, 1879: ‘The progress of the Fuégians is wonderful, and had it not occurred would have been to me quite incredible.’ On January 3rd, 1880: ‘Your extracts’ (from a journal) ‘about the Fuégians are extremely curious, and have interested me much. I have often said that the progress of Japan was the greatest wonder in the world, but I declare that the progress of Fuégia is almost equally wonderful.’ On March 20th, 1881: ‘The account of the Fuégians interested not only me, but all my family. It is truly wonderful what you have heard from Mr. Bridges about their honesty and their language. I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done.’ On December 1st, 1881, sending me his annual subscription to the Orphanage at the Mission Station, he wrote: ‘Judging from the *Missionary Journal*, the mission in Tierra del Fuégo seems going on quite wonderfully well.’ I have much pleasure in sending you these particulars.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. J. SULLIVAN, *Vice-Admiral.*”



# South American Missionary Society.

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Commenced as the "Patagonian Mission," 1844; re-formed, 1852, after Captain ALLEN GARDINER's death, September 6th, 1851; and designated the "South American Missionary Society," 1864.

**OFFICES: 1 CLIFFORD'S INN, FLEET STREET, E.C.**

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*The Superintendent of all the Society's Stations.*

THE RIGHT REV. W. H. STIRLING, D.D., BISHOP OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

## FIELD OF OPERATIONS.

The Continent of South America, with an area of more than SEVEN MILLIONS of square miles, and a population of nearly THIRTY MILLIONS, being the only Church of England Mission in South America, except that in British Guiana.

## OBJECTS.

### Missionary, Ministerial, Evangelistic.

MISSIONARY.—Amongst the numerous Indian Tribes of South America.

MINISTERIAL.—Amongst the many communities of English-speaking people scattered throughout this continent, and our sailors who frequent its harbours.

EVANGELISTIC.—Amongst the native people speaking Spanish and Portuguese where opportunities may offer, as well as amongst persons of other nationalities, by means of special services, and above all the distribution (by sale) of God's Holy Word in the native languages.

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